

but

I laughed at you  
I laughed  
at your looks  
at your clothes  
at your awkwardness  
at your stupid sentimentality.

and now

now you're my foreman!

Horace,  
how I wish  
I had treated you better.

-- Philip Marchesseault

Moosup, CT

### looking for Jack Micheline

like the rest of us, Jack didn't always shine too brightly:  
"the whole game is run by the fags, the Jews and the niggers,"  
stamping up and down my rug, grey hair hanging over hook nose,  
he was a Jew, "look, Hank, lemme have a five..."  
he slept on the couch and always awakened too early,  
walking around and around the block,  
coming back, stamping the floors,  
he wanted to get the game rolling, he wanted to conquer  
the world...

"damn you, Jack, I usually sleep 'til noon..."  
he had a little black book filled with names...  
touches, contacts...

I drove him to a large place in the hills  
and he woke the guy up. the guy was good for a  
20.

"they owe it to us," Jack said.  
whenever he got ahead -- that meant 40 or 50 bucks --  
he took it to the track and lost it all,  
had to walk back...

"nobody beats the horses, Hank, nobody, we're all losers,  
poets are losers.... who gives a damn about the poets?"

"nobody, Jack, I don't like 'em myself...."

I saw his early photos when he was a young man from Brooklyn.  
he was quite handsome, quite manly...at the front wedge of  
the Beat Movement. the Beats died and Jack's been crashing  
ever since. when his father died he left Jack 5 or ten grand  
and he got married and blew it in Spain--  
his wife ended up in bed with the Spanish mayor.

Jack can still lay down the line  
and when he does it well  
he's still one of the best in the game  
and you forget his complaining and his bumming  
and his demand that a poet should get special grace.  
he came out with some powerhouse poems  
in a Calif. mag  
and the editor wrote me  
asking where Jack might be  
so he could mail contributors' copies.  
well, Jack is just not the suicide type  
so I've been writing around and I get  
answers:  
"no, he's not here, thank god."  
and:  
"who gives a damn?"  
well, Jack's not all that bad,  
especially when he forgets the bullshit and sits down  
to the piano...  
so if you know where he is and have been hiding from him,  
write me, Charles Bukowski,  
I haven't put him all the way down  
even if once  
he did piss on Barney Rosset's shoe  
at a party.

-- Charles Bukowski

Los Angeles, CA

### Sympathy

me and d  
do draft counseling

tonite we got a phone call from  
a college student

to his mind an emergency

it seems he'd been  
working on his PhD  
had a quote scholarship from  
the National Defense Act  
was doing work in the National Interest  
and the SSS wdnt renew his  
II-S unquote

i told him  
in the dictionary you'll  
find sympathy in between  
shit and syphilis

and hung up